

Michael Myers VS Jason Voorhees Part 5 of 10

by Stanley Kubrick Fan

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Summary: In this publically acclaimed tenpart fan fiction, taking place shortly after 'FREDDY VS. JASON', Jason Voorhees comes to Haddonfield, Illinois to reek havoc and become the king of violence and mayhem. Can Michael Myers stop him and become the crowning cha

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Fan-Fiction by Christopher Gallo

V. Sex and Violence

Shelby Loomis sat in the worn green chair that her father had used to sit in when he would do detective work on his patients. There was a rip in the armoire, and she placed her right hand on it. She opened the top drawer of the desk in front of the chair, and scavenged through. She had been looking for something in particular. Shelby knew that her father had died while still working on Michael Myer's personality. He had something so controversial it never made its way out, and Shelby intended to find it.

She dug through the pens, scrapbooks, and other various things when she came across an envelope, with M.M. written on it in sloppy handwriting. She wondered, "Could this possibly be what I've been looking for?" Shelby tore it open with her fingernails and scattered the insides onto the pine desk-top. What she saw, she didn't understand. There were five pieces. A clip taken from a newspaper, the caption read "Fifth Kitchen Knife Murder". The picture showed a young woman whose leg had been dismembered, and the killer had dismembered her hand and stuck it in her mouth. Also, she had "PITY" gorily etched into her stomach. Blood covered the cement floor she lay on. Shelby dropped the picture and grabbed her mouth, ready to regurgitate. She held it back and picked up the next one, which read:

Sixth Kitchen Knife Murder

By Sam Gylden

The recent, gruesome murders going on in the area are startlingly accumulating. The most recent victim was found hanging (by piano key strings) from her roof with a fishing knife lodged through her left palm. Her thumb and pinky were found missing from her right hand, which also sported a bloody fishing knife through the palm area. The killer's sick mind didn't stop there. Apparently, he has a knack for violating his victims. The young woman (Alberto Ramirez) was fond of collecting stuffed animals. The killer removed a purple/violet teddy bear head and stuffed it in the victim's mouth. Where the piano key strings held her neck, there was a bloody gash from outer cut wounds. Police are saying this killer is ruthless in his attempt to frighten. One thing is certain; the killings will cease to stop.

Police are saying that a note was left at the house, which read: "LET HIM FREE, OR THEY WILL CONTINUE, AND FREE THE ONE THEY CALL BOOGEYMAN". Police are concerned that the killer may be linked to Michael M-".

The news clip cut off. Shelby had an idea, but she wasn't sure. Could it be what she thought? Was there a Michael Myers copycat out there?

Jason was bored. He had found him self doing the same things over and over. Walking dirt roads until he came across someone. Killing them. Gruesomely killing them. Taking their identity. All just for one mindless task. To go kill someone else, just so he could do the same things AGAIN. Jason stopped walking and dropped his machete. And then his mother appeared in front of him. "Jason, what are you doing?" Jason stared at her, motionless, as quiet as always. "Jason, it may seem mindless, but there is a reason for all of this killing. Some day, in the future, you will conquer the world! No one can stop you, Jason, unless they stop the hell-worm inside of your body, and in that case, it will be a hard accomplishment. Jason, continue on, be proud of what you do, and never give it up. Make...your mother...proud, Jason." Jason nodded his head and picked up the machete. He continued forward. After a few minutes, he noticed a sign. "Hartford: Straight Ahead". The sign was accurate; Jason could see a small town ahead. He had found a new home.

After walking for about twelve minutes, Jason got to a small house. He walked to the front of the house and looked inside the house. He saw a teenager inside sitting on a couch, taking off her shirt. Jason kneeled down and watched. There was no car outside the house, so the girl was obviously alone. She unzipped her bra, and removed it. She was now topless. The girl swung her hair, and her breasts moved from side to side. Jason moved to the right side of the house where the girl went to the front and closed the blinds. She walked back further into the house, and Jason watched until she got back. It was four minutes and twenty eight seconds later when she arrived, with something small and phallic, plastic, in her hand. In the other there was a DVD. Jason watched as the girl walked to the television and turned it on. She inserted the DVD and went back to the couch. Slowly, she unzipped her dress, and then laid it on the couch next to her shirt and bra. Jason didn't know what was about to happen, but he

knew it was bad. The girl placed the phallic object on the floor, and slowly removed her panties. She was now completely nude, on the couch, and she picked up the phallic object. On the television, gay porn started, with two men doing something I'd rather not repeat. The girl grabbed the phallic object, and Jason watched.

She was about to masturbate. He went around to the back of the house, where he spotted a cat asleep on the grass. Jason stepped to the side of it and quietly, calmly, opened the back door. A kitchen. A small, scenic kitchen, much of that a Suburban would be expected to have. Jason raised his machete and walked into the living room entrance. He saw the girl's back and hair, and slowly approached her. She didn't hear a sound, except for the television. Noises from the television moaned, and Jason stood over her. He looked down, cautiously. She slid the dildo back and forth through her vagina, and then moaned. He raised his machete high and mother's voice came unto him. "Hit that whore." Jason was about to throw it down into her head, when he got an idea. His mother voiced again, "What are you doing? Kill her!" He set the machete down and then tapped her on the shoulder. The girl, scared out of her wits, turned, and saw the bruised, beaten hockey mask staring down at her. She screamed and Jason grabbed her head. He pulled her towards him and she dropped the dildo.

He held her by her hair, she screamed, writhing back and forth, her breasts smacking his arm, and he threw her on the floor. He picked the dildo up off the couch and walked toward her. She sat there, screaming in fear, and he grabbed her. She yelled in agony, as he snatched her legs. The girl tried to crawl away but it was too late. He pulled it up into the air, and slammed the dildo into her vagina. The girl screamed louder, and he stabbed her repeatedly in her vaginal area, blood splattering Jason's hockey mask. She yelped and he kept stabbing, and stabbing. He raised it again, blood dripped off the soaking dildo onto the girl's soft flesh, and he buried it down farther into her vagina. He stuck it so far in, his hand was almost stuck in the girl's pussy. What had gone from a night of masturbation turned into a night... of mutilation. The dead girl lied on the floor, blood covered her legs, and there was a lump where her pubic hairs were, the lump of the plastic dildo that he had rammed into her. His mother clapped to him in his mind. "You showed that rotten bitch a lesson, Jason! Nicely done! A good jab in the cunt! That's one for you, and zero for Michael. Now get going."

Michael Myers had started an explosion at the gas station, killing several people, but not as badly as he had wanted to. Those rednecks wanted him dead, they wanted him to choke on his own blood. But Michael wouldn't let them. Michael had been shot, stabbed, burned, decapitated, dismembered, all by the same person, and he'd be damned if a group of people came in and murdered him right there on the spot. He had been taking refuge in a cellar lately. Here's how it all went down.

After escaping from the gas station, Michael had made his way down to the street full of houses. Police cars drove by him, their lights flashing, the noises blaring. Michael just walked on by them. While he was walking, trying to find somewhere to go, he spotted a cellar opening outside. It looked old, so decayed and old. Perfect. Michael opened it and walked down the creaky steps. It actually was old. There were shelves, with Mason Jars on them, but nothing in them. There were a couple of barrels in a corner, so Michael slept behind them for the night and the next day. Now, it was two days later. He

had woken up, and was about to leave when we heard a car outside. He peeked open the cellar doors and saw an old man inside his car, about to drive off. Again, perfect. He had an idea. Michael opened the cellar doors and crawled out; the old man didn't even hear him.

Michael walked to the door and the old man stared at him. Suddenly, Michael smashed his fist through the window. The old man punched at him, and Michael grabbed him by the neck. The old man yelled for help as Michael pulled his frail body through the broken shards of glass. Once he had him outside the window, Michael dragged him to the back of the car. The old man had fallen unconscious. Michael started cutting at his stomach with a shard of glass. Blood kept hitting his hands and face. Once Michael had cut open the man's chest, he ripped out his intestines. Blood seeped onto the man's shirt, and soaked through Michael's pale fingers. The intestines looked like a link of sausages, all bloody and round. Michael set the intestines over his shoulder and dragged the man back to the front of the car.

He put the man's hands together, and tied them with the bloody intestines. Blood dripped off of the intestines and trickled down the car hood. The man's internal organs gaped out as he turned, and Michael stuck his bloody hand inside the man's chest again, enough to where his hand was drenched in the blood. And on the windshield of the car, Michael, having not done this in about thirty years so you can imagine it looked bad, wrote M-1, and next to it: J-0. He began to walk away. The cat meowed and Michael turned. The cat ran away, and Michael just continued on.

End
file.